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WILFRID AND MARY

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AMERICAN EDITION.

WILFRID AND MARY;

OR,

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

A DOMESTIC COMEDY

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

AMERICAN SLAVE LIFE.

BY

THEODORE ST. BO'.

" Fleecy locks and dark complexion
Cannot forfeit nature's claim ;
Skins may differ. but affection
Dwells in white and black the same."
COWPER.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX,

As a recognition of his past services in the cause of Slave Emancipation, this work is dedicated, with the most profound respect of

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

The raw material out of which I have spun the following simple, but, I should hope, telling little Comedy, was a trifling newspaper paragraph of the 2nd February last.

The scraps we occasionally meet with in that form are sometimes truly harrowing—nor will any one doubt the truth of these heart-rending details. I, at all events, am persuaded they are but meagerly told to what they might be, and that, too, with a strict adherence to truth. Ay, even "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and "The White Slave," touchingly pathetic as they are—are yet, I am persuaded, but feeble pictures of the stern reality.

My ostensible object in writing "Wilfrid and Mary," is to appeal to the mind and tender sympathy of the British public, through the medium of the bodily senses, by pourtraying some of the everyday Scenes, and the repeated Acts of the sad Drama of life in the United States, as it effects our brother man in ignominious serfdom.

To me, in this enlightened age, it seems marvellous that such a system as slavery should exist for a day on any

known portion of the globe. Unflinchingly I hold, that it is not only a sin in any nation to tolerate such a system, but that it is a sin in other nations not to take an active part in its abolition. The subject ought to be before our own and other countries' legislatures; and if they did no more, they could at all events remonstrate. And a hearty and stout remonstrance from Queen Victoria and her Government, I am assured, will always have its due weight; not only so, but in a cause like this, she can enlist the sympathy and co-operation of other and influential nations.

It is quite within the province of a preface for an author to take a cursory or minute glance of the enlarged subject he proposes to elucidate, expose, or expound. But a preface is, or ought to be, something very different from a dissertation. It would therefore be unnecessary for me to give the briefest account of the horrors of slavery, as up to the present moment it exists in the United States of America. Nor have I patience to go minutely into the subject, in a preface to a work like this, to prove that these miserable slaves (four millions in number) are human beings like ourselves, possessed of hearts, feelings, passions, and intellects akin to our own: I fear in many instances more tenderly passionate then many of ourselves.

"Fleecy locks and dark complexion
Cannot forfeit nature's claim;
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same."—*Cowper.*

Nor will my temperament permit me attempt to prove to a Christian country like Great Britain, that those abject slaves have souls to be saved as well as the highest and the noblest, or the humblest and the meanest of our land. That were ill-spent time, and a work of supererogation. Neither is it befitting in this place to go into the cruelties that are practised to stir up a feeling of commiseration. It is enough to know that SLAVERY, the barter of human beings, for a few "almighty dollars," is practised without compunction. No matter where,—if it were at the north pole, we have a right to go there, on the score of humanity, and plead, remonstrate, intercede, or do something. Nor is it a work, in my opinion, for single hands to do. The giant mind and the powerful will of a Reverend Guthrie, is inadequate to the stupendous work. Solitary efforts were well enough when it affected ourselves, but the matter should now take on the form of a national question.

This is what the people, the pulpit, and the press should do—they ought to urge the Government to take up the subject in a national point of view; and I am convinced, particularly at this crisis, little would require to be done but to countenance and encourage the free seceding States. Nothing but a great and Majestic or Imperial movement will ever eradicate this Monster Evil from the earth.

I repeat, the people, the pulpit, and the press—yea, the stage and the senate itself, ought to ring aloud for human justice. Even from the house-tops the cry should ascend for

mercy to tens of thousands of "the human form divine," who are kept in utter ignorance of a Prince of Peace, and debased to the level of the brute creation. "The likeness of God's own image" should not be doomed from birth by enactment either of man or nation, to thraldom, misery, and woe. Such degrading bondage should not for a day be suffered to prevail without something being done to snap the chains of Slavery asunder. Napoleon the III. sets himself up as the champion of political liberty—why should not Victoria the I. become the advocate of enslaved humanity? It would, to say the least of it, be a praise-worthy cause to have a share in. And if these two nations (France and England) are such faithful friends and allies, let them go hand-in-hand in this great and good work; it will be found worthy of a nation's honour. Let, then, these two nations commence overtures on the subject, and I venture to predict the speedy and the happy issue, without the shedding of a drop of blood.

See what Russia is doing of her own accord; but do the Southern States seem willing voluntarily to surrender? No. Say not then, await the issue of this contest. There is no time to be lost—throw some weight into the scale of Justice and Humanity, for if this contest should terminate in a round of filibluster, the work will have to be begun some future day.

In conclusion, is it not inconsistent in England, to countenance Garibaldi in his achievements for political freedom in

Italy, while we stand aloof in the present crisis in America? I might say more—much more; but I must hasten to sum up, and henceforth I pronounce inertness in a nation tantamount to actual guilt on the part of our rulers and their people.

THEODORE ST. BO'.

P.S.—I had written the foregoing as my preface, and sent it to a friend for his opinion, to which I got the following answer, in addition to a few other suggestions:—"If the cotton mills of Lancashire and Lanarkshire could be adequately supplied from other sources, the British Legislature would not have let slip this golden opportunity of protesting against the horrible traffic in the United States, which she has sacrificed so much to abolish in her own colonies." To which I made the following rejoinder:—"The cotton mills of Lancashire and Lanarkshire would be kept as full as ever, because the same hands that worked in the cotton fields as slaves, would work as free men and as hired servants, for wages, the same as our agricultural labourers in this country, only they would be at liberty to change their employers, particularly where ill treated or ill remunerated. Moreover, I do not think it would be fair to the proprietors, or judicious for themselves, to abolish slavery at one fell swoop. But suppose some such plan as this,—at once to grant freedom to all above a certain age, say thirty; and three years hence all above twenty-five; three years after that, all above

twenty ; other three years, all at fifteen ; three years more all at ten ; yet other three years all at five ; and—"last of all the Mohicans,"—three years more and slavery is abolished !

Eighteen years, and the work progressing! would not the philanthropic mind swell with delight at the bright prospect of a period—a stated period—when the bondsman would be free, and America herself truly a land of freedom!

But the work I am laying out for England and France would not stop here. Their legislators, after successfully expostulating with America, with whom we have a right first to interfere, on the ground of our national relationship, would next turn their attention to Spain and Portugal, doubtless with the same glorious results ; and so on, till slavery was numbered among the things that were. But our first great hope of success is with America, and all the rest would follow, as a natural consequence ; for she in her turn would be ranked as "one of ourselves," "Great, Glorious, and Free!"

T. St. Bo'.

April 1861.

Dramatis Personæ.

MALE.

WILFRID, *a Georgian Planter.*

SWANSTON, *his Overseer.*

KIMBO, *a Favourite Slave.*

VELLUM, *a Pettifogging Lawyer.*

WILBERFORCE, *Mary's Betrothed.*

AUCTIONEER.

JEREMY DOODLE, *a Hotel Keeper.*

Slaves—TANTO, SANCO, TIMBO, NERO, DODO, JACO, DIDO, WAPPA, &c., &c.

MANAGER, OFFICERS, BLOODHOUNDS, &c.

FEMALE.

MARY, *Wilfrid's Daughter.*

Slaves—LAURA, POZA, &c., &c.

WILFRID AND MARY;

OR,

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

A DOMESTIC COMEDY

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

AMERICAN SLAVE LIFE.

Act First.

SCENE I.—*Georgia*—WILFRID'S *House*—WILFRID *and* MARY—*Enter* SWANSTON.

SWAN. What is to be done to morrow, master?
We have finished that field of sugar-cane;
And, if it please thee, I think we'd better
Begin to-morrow on the far-off field.
'Tis ripe—quite ripe, and very soon would spoil;
So we'll require all hands a-stir at work.

And I'll require another whip, you see ;
This one is worn to shreds—away to shreds.
That blasted lubber, Kimbo—the lubber
That he is !—I caught him, the other day,
Helping to fill a black woman's basket.
But I made him yell—I made the lubber yell :
You'd think he was a demon out of hell !

MARY (*aside*). Which is the demon, I should like to know ?—
Is't him of ebony, or him of snow ?

WILF. Well, Swanston, whate'er you opine is best.
And, look ye, in the store-room you will find
Plenty more of these useful articles.
(*Handling the old whip.*)
But deal it sparingly on poor Kimbo :
He is a fine-looking fellow ; and, you know,
He rather is a favourite of mine.

SWAN. (*aside*). That's the reason why I takes it out of him.
(*To* WILFRID.) Well, sir we'll start to-morrow, if you please,

On the far-off plantation. (*Aside*). By jabbers,
If I don't play up with them ! It's too far
Away from home for you to interfere ;
And by the holy crucifix, if I
Don't make them smart, may I never die. [*Exit.*

MARY. Father, what an ill-looking man that is ;
And what a fine-looking overseer
That is of Colonel Munro's, o'er the way.

WILF. Yes ; but he's not so good an overseer
As our Mr Swanston. That is the man
To get the work performed. That man, at times—
At certain seasons of the year—can do—
That is, can make the niggers do—double
The work that Colonel Munro's overseer
Can possibly get out of his darkies.

MARY. Well, but father, if he overworks them,
You know that's very harsh and very cruel.

WILF. Yes, that's true ; but I don't think that
of him.

MARY. O father ! what is that I hear you say ?
Did I not hear you very much complain

Of his horrid treatment of poor Kimbo,
Not many days a-gone? And now you see
Him, like a lion in the forest wild,
Whisking himself to fury on that slave—
That poor, yet gentle, innocent, poor boy!

WILF. Well, well, my child; but what else can I do?
I find fault, and caution him be gentle:
I can do no more.

MARY. Father, yes you can:
You can make a change. Endeavour to secure
A man possessed of feeling,—and humane,
Or undertake to manage your own farm.

WILF. What say you, child? Me manage my own farm!
I know nothing about crops or seasons,
The management of rice or sugar-cane.
Would you have me follow in the footsteps
Of that sentimental fool, Tom Clarkson,
Who sent adrift his valued overseer
For the paltry foolish satisfaction

Of protecting a few slaves, mere niggers,
From his tryanny—alleged, imagined
Tyranny; and then hurried on to ruin
By the mismanaging of his farm? No,
No, child: a valuable overseer
Is far too precious to be parted with:
'Twould be the worst day's work I e'er performed.

MARY. Well, father, I'll not press the matter now,
But you yet may come to see your error.
(*Aside.*) Somehow that man so fills my heart with terror
At his vile usage of that Black-a-moor. [*Exit.*

WILF. She's not far wrong, I do begin to think;
And, bye and bye, at some more convenient
Season, I'll digest the matter over.
Meantime I must to market with my samples.
Here is my rice, my cotton, and tobacco.
(*Taking up the samples.*)
The interest on my mortgage is o'er-due,
Together with those twice renewed bills.
And when I'm in the town of Millidgeville,

With that horrid screw-tight fellow, Vellum,
I must not fail to make some arrangement,
Or down he's on me like ten thousand bricks:
But what do they care though they sell your sticks!

[*Exit*.

SCENE II.—*Plantation.* VELLUM, *with a bundle of law papers, as off a journey.*

VELL. Well, here I am, near by the fine estate
Of Pascoevale,—a pretty name and place.
Hillo! there's Swanston, Wilfrid's overseer,
Busy with his niggers in the cotton field.
I'll hail him—have a chat—and draw his leg;
But here he comes.

Enter SWANSTON.

Well, Swanston, how are ye?
Busy, I perceive, among the cotton.
How get ye on over so many niggers?
You have no easy post to fill, I guess.

SWAN. Nothing, Mr Vellum, comes wrong to me.
I calculate I can make them niggers
Do whate'er I want. I take no sauce, you see;
That's my tarnation method, don't you know.
Work they must, or feel the balance of that fist;
That's the way I reason with them lubbards.

VELL. Do you know what's up on this plantation?
Do you not know that Wilfrid's up the spout?

SWAN. Eh! then dang my choker, I guessed as much.

VELL. 'Tis true I tell you, Swanston. Now, look here:
My eldest son wants be on his own hook,
And longs to be possessed of this estate.
Now, Swanston, I can make it worth your while
If you can let us into any wrinkle.
You know, head-quarters for all information
Is just, you see, to such a man as you—
No use going to consult the planter,
If to the overseer you've access.

SWAN. Many's the thing I could put you fly to;

But number one is the first law of nature.
I'm not so very badly off myself;
For, while my master has been growing poor
Day by day, and year by year grown poorer,
Till at last, as I can gather from you,
He's about used up, I've profited meanwhile,
And have been looking round about to see
Wherein and with advantage I'd invest.

VELL. I comprehend you. I can comprehend
The best thing possible both for my son
And you. I have it right slap off the reel.
I have it, sir, and faith I am delighted.
A joint co-partnery is just the thing.
What say you, Swanston? What think ye of that?

SWAN. Well, sir, but then I would not have enough
To take a half share in a large concern.

VELL. But never mind; suppose you take a third?
My son, you see, knows nothing about crops;

He's a good accountant, penman, and the like.
You could manage one branch, him the other.

SWAN. I'm your man. I am the very stingo ;
And although I say it, sir, as should not,
I'm a slap-up hand amongst the darkies.
A peal of thunder from one of these hard fists
Soon is followed by a flash of lightning
From the eye-balls of the biggest nigger.

VELL. Well, then, if we understand each other,
And the compact be matured hereafter,
What about the dodges and the wrinkles
That you can impart ? Time wears on apace,
And I would have thee free disclose thyself.
It almost hath passed into a proverb,
None can keep a secret like a lawyer.

SWAN. Bye-and-bye, when the matter's more advanced,
I'll tell thee of a secret that is worth
At least five hundred,—ay, a thousand dollars.

VELL. But, Swanston, that's not fair. Now is the time

For you and I to make good use, you see,
Of any information we possess;
And possibly you may not be aware
That things, just now, are hov'ring on a crisis.

SWAN. All I'll tell you now, is just this one thing,
Believe it then you may—Miss Wilfrid,
Though her face is pale as any lady's,
Not only is the daughter, but the slave,
Of her own father—likewise her master.

VELL. What! Swanston, are you really sure of that?

SWAN. As certain as I know a pig eats peaches.
(*Aside.*) Or that another name for lawyer—leech is.
[*Exit slowly.*

VELL. Adieu, then, sir, I'll make the most of that,
And, by the way, I must row your tail too.
Let me once catch you within the cob-web
Of that insignificant word, Law,
I'll learn you the lesson—hold your jaw. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Front of* WILFRID'S *House*—WILFRID *walking thoughtfully—Enter* KIMBO.

KIM. Massa, massa, will you hear me speak—
complain
Ob massa Swanston, your oberseer;
Him beat me so berry berry cruel,
Him hab brought de blood streaming down dis
back,
And gab me kick on de shin bone; you see
Me lame, massa, and cannot hob along.
Oh! him berry cruel, Massa Swanston;
When him die, him go to a bad place.

WILF. Well, but what have you been doing,
Kimbo?
Some fault you have been in—of that I'm sure.

KIM. No, massa, no, massa; him take dislike
To this here nigger; him call me names, him swear—
Oh! massa, him berry bad man to swear—
Him swear by Holy Moses, and him swear

By Holy Crucifix—him swear by God.
Dis nigger hab not care if him hab swear
By de Debil, but to swear by all dem
Good names, make me tink him berry bad man.

WILF. Well, Kimbo, my fine fellow, it strikes me
You seem to feel the truth of what you say.
But tell me, now, what have you been doing
To put Mr Swanston in a passion,
And cause him thus to beat and to abuse you?

KIM. Oh! massa, you not be berry angry?

WILF. Oh, no, Kimbo; tell me, fear not, Kimbo.

KIM. Oh, massa, me cannot tell you—me feared
You be berry angry, and punish me.
Dis nigger wish him hab not spoken to you.

WILF. (*angrily.*) What is the matter fellow? have you been stealing?

KIM. Oh no, massa; you nebber know me steal.

WILF. What, then? speak, sirrah, or I will be angry.

KIM. (*frightened.*) Oh! massa, massa, him cotch dis nigger—— — (*hesitating.*)

WILF. He caught you, what, you scoundrel? This instant
Speak, or I will send for Mr Swanston,
And have thee flayed within an inch of thy
Existence. So speak, I tell thee, Kimbo.

KIM. Massa, you said you would not be angry.

WILF. Neither will I, if you speak, and truth abide.

KIM. Well, Massa Swanston cotched me with dis book.

(*Taking a Bible from under his garment.*)

Him cotch me reading. Him berry angry
If him cotch any nigger try to read.

WILF. Is that all, Kimbo, that he thrashed you for?

KIM. No, massa, but him said him would burn it;
Him took it from me, massa, and through fear
Him chuck it in de fire to blaze away
Like em tinder. Dis nigger cry, and say,
Me hab de mind to tell de Massa Wilfrid.
Just den him flew at me and knock me down,

And beat me berry sore. Me got dis book
From Missis Wilfred just before she die.
Her said dis nigger should take care ob it
For her sake. Massa, dat is all de trut.

WILF. From Mrs Wilfrid! let me see the book.
(*Taking it.*)
What! the Bible!! and with her hand of writ!!!
"To poor Kimbo, from Mary Jean Wilfrid!"
Tell me, Kimbo, when did you get this Book?

KIM. Long time ago—long time ago, massa,
When me little boy and me indoor slave.
Her tell me pretty tales out ob dat book,
Her tell me to be good, and read dat book,
And many more good tings she said to me.

WILF. (*aside.*) This touches me upon a tender chord!
(*To* KIMBO.) Well, Kimbo, after this I'll see to you;
You shall no longer work in the open field,
I'll find some other work for you to do.

KIM. Tank you, massa! Tank you, Massa Wilfrid! [*Exit joyfully.*

WILF. This circumstance has come about so strange
That I begin to wonder what will next
Appear upon this stage of slavish life. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.*—WILFRID'S *House*—MARY *and* WILFRID.

MARY. Be seated father, and if you please rehearse
That oft-repeated dream of dear Mamma;
For it hath an influence on my mind
Approaching almost that of holy writ.

WILF. Well, Mary, if it please thee, I'll e'en do so:—
You were but young, and in your tender years,

* This Scene can be omitted in scenic representation.

When she, your Mother, was call'd to that bourn,
That distant bourn from whence no traveller
Yet hath e'er returned to recount the tale.
You were but young and in your tender years,
And can't remember, but what I have told
Thee o'er and o'er a thousand times and more;
And yet each time I tell that dream, it seems
To me as fresh and new as yesterday.
What a strange impression a simple dream
Can make upon the mind!—'tis passing strange,
And yet 'tis even so, and ever so.
You were but young, and in your tender years,
When she, your Mother, lay upon the bed,
In what we call our best—our easter room.
At morn—at early morn, she ope'd her eyes,
With what refulgent dignity and love,
'Twould fail me to describe, or e'en attempt;
But Heaven was in her eye, and majesty
Sat blooming on her cheek—her glowing cheek;
With grace she moved her hand and beckoned

Approach her dying bed to hear her dream.*
"Start not, dear Wilfrid, I've a dream to tell;
A dream of truth—no visionary dream.
Oh! heaven grant me but words to tell it him!"
She said, and paused a while. I never spoke.
"See yonder, Wilfrid, and believe it true—
As true as if ye heard it from the dead,
From whom the truth some e'en would dare believe:
See yonder, Wilfrid, is the Majesty
On high, in robes resplendent, decked in white;
At His right hand His majesty, the Prince
Of Peace; and these His numerous host, a host
Of holy angels, surround the holy
Throne. And see yon long procession gliding
Slowly on t'appear before the holy
Throne, with downcast heads, to hear their final
Doom. These, then, Wilfrid, are the autocrats

* Milton hath it much more elevated and refined, but his subject was Mother Eve and an Epic Poem:—

"Grace was in her steps, heaven in her eye,
And every gesture dignity and love."

From fair Virginia's land. With downcast
Heads they're moving slowly past. The sentence
Is pronounced, and they have heard their utter
Doom, their everlasting, their eternal doom.
And see, again, approach that motley throng;
Their heads erect, their placid looks behold.
From their complexion ye can tell they're negroes,
Made white through the precious blood of the
Lamb
Of God—their great atoning sacrifice.
And see, about the centre of that throng,
A woman kneeling, weeping, and imploring.
That same is me; yes, Wilfrid, that is me.
Start not, but hear me yet a little while:—
I see our daughter, too, among that throng,
Standing beside a tall, good-looking man.
That man's her husband, and they have two sons."
"Our daughter is not married," I remarked.
"No, no! dear Wilfrid; that is all to come:
And this is all to come—all yet to come;
It is not yet—it is all yet to come.

But, Wilfrid, you are not among the throng,
Nor did I see you in the company
Of those that passed before,—you are yet to come.
I've got my summons long preceding you ;
And now I go to intercede our Father—
Our almighty Father—on your behalf."
A gentle pressure of the hand was all
I felt or heard. She slept, nor waked again.
You were then young, and in your tender years.

MARY. What a most mysterious dream ! How very
Strange ! 'Tis like a vision of the future !

WILF. She ever was a most remarkable,
But a thoughtful woman ! Many of her
Sayings trite I remember to this hour—
Alas ! alas ! that ye had ne'er been born.

MARY. What mean ye, Father ? would ye seek to curse
The hour that gave me birth ? your own daughter ?
Your ever fond, and dear impassioned daughter ?

WILF. Oh ! my child, I cannot speak.

[*Exit in great emotion.*

MARY. Whatever
Can the reason be of his emotion?
It sore distracts me—nor can I fathom,
No, no, I cannot fathom it at all.
Would that my mother still had been alive.
She was, I've heard, a very pious woman.
That was a singular—a passing strange,
A very striking circumstance, indeed,
Her dedicating of the Word of God
To that poor boy whom she christen'd Kimbo.
Her heart was tender and must have been moved
Beyond what we wot of. And this I know,
All that a woman could do for these slaves
She did most feeling and persistingly—
That ever was the topic uppermost,—
"Emancipate—emancipate"—she'd say;
And often she'd predict we'd all be lost
If father would not speedily relinquish
His every interest in that wicked calling
She boldly held to be dishonourable;
"A blot," she used to say, upon his name,

" Disreputable, and disgrace to man."
And, very strange, I feel she was not wrong.
But I must haste see after my father,
Soothe and console him in his great emotion,
Some other time I'll renew the subject.
A woman lacks not what she undertakes ;
She's like a fairy spirit in whose hand
The staff of destiny is often swayed ;
Of whom, perchance, some truly are afraid,
But honourable men are ne'er dismayed. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—WILFRID'S *House.* WILFRID *and* VELLUM, *with law papers, account books, &c.*

VELL. Well, Mr Wilfrid, I've made out a list,
I think a pretty well corrected list,
Of all your property. There's first the farm,
And then the field-hands. I find you've ninety
Male, and you've forty-five female niggers.
Well, sir, these are very valuable ;

Then come your horses, cows, and hogs, and ploughs,
Carriages, and waggons, and the in-door
Slaves, together with your first-rate pack of hounds.
Is this a valid—a correct account
Of all the property of which you are
Possessed, to meet this large amount of creditors ?
(*Referring to a document in hand.*)

WILF. I can assure you, sir, all quite correct.
On oath, I have no other property ;
I've given a true and faithful rendering
Of all that in this world I possess—
Take all and satisfy my creditors.

VELL. Beg pardon, sir ; on looking at this list
Again, I do not see your housemaid's name.

WILF. She is my daughter, sir.

VELL. True, but she is
Your property—your slave, you know, as well.

WILF. (*Aside.*) Ah ! ha ! then he knows our true position.
(*With great emotion.*) Oh ! what, what then shall I contrive to say ?

VELL. She's worth a thousand dollars, at the least,
Of yours, or mine, or anybody's money.
That's the sum exact you are deficient,
According to professional appraisement.
Well, sir, if you are willing, I will give ——

Enter MARY *with a letter to* WILFRID. *As she retires,* VELLUM *casts a lecherous look at her, saying (aside),*

Crackie bill! what a stunning piece of goods!
(*To Wilfrid.*) Well, sir, if you are willing, I will give
That sum for her—say one thousand dollars.
(*To the audience.*) That's two hundred pounds of British money.
(*Turning to Wilfrid.*) And then you'll be entirely out of debt.
What say you, sir—what say you?—say the word.

WILF. No, sir; no gold will ever purchase her;
She is my daughter—mine own flesh and blood.

VELL. Pooh, pooh! you must be reasoned out of this.

You know no respectable slave-owner—
Perhaps I ought to say respectable
Planter—in all Virginia, would think—
Even for a moment think—of owning
The mingled blood of his own self and slave.
You'll run a moral gauntlet on thyself,
And laughed be at by all the *better sort.*

WILF. Let them laugh. I cannot sell my nature,
Put a price upon my heart's affections;
She is my child, and I am still her father.

VELL. Tut-tut-tut, my good sir; reason, hear me:
I know a planter, a wealthy planter,
In the richest county of Virginia,
Who is the father of at least thirty
Or forty, or more, of his infant slaves;
Some say of every infant that is born
On his large plantation. But then he treats
Them just as other slaves—works them in the
Field, or sells them to the highest bidder.
If he did otherwise, his character
Would be assailed by slander universal.

WILF. Your arguments avail me not. I'll never
Sell the blood of mine own veins—my only
Darling, only child ; I love her far too well.

VELL. Well, sir, I see there's nothing for it,
But get a Sheriff's order—have her seized,
And sold upon the auction block. And when
You hear she's been knocked down at certain price—
Say to the highest bidder—you will wish,
You then will wish, you'd made a private sale.
However, you must soon make up your mind.
I go, and quickly will return, I hope,
To find you more susceptible of reason—
As fruit is only ripe when in due season.

[*Exit.*

WILF. Ha! that thought, till now it never struck me,
That, if they will, she can be sold by auction ;
Nor for a moment will I doubt their will.
Perhaps it might be better after all,
A private sale—t' effect a private sale,
I'd know then in whose possession was she.

Hard laws—yet such is still the law. Justice
Cries aloud, redress these wrongs—redress these
Laws. Shall justice and mercy plead in vain
Against "man's inhumanity to man?"
Oh, for my past obliquity of vision!
I own my worst atrocities bygone,
I own, because I never saw or felt
Till now, my past injustice to the rights
Of human nature. Just punishment, on
Me it falls like molten lead upon a
Tender skin. Oh! could I undo the past,
I would undo it all, and never deal
Again in human barter, flesh and blood!
E'en as my very self. Oh, horrid crime!
But what is to be done? that's the question
For me now to decide. I can never think
To have my daughter ever sold by auction;
Perhaps to work her in the open field,
Beneath a broiling sun; or, what is worse,
Be lashed as I have seen them lashed,
And I've looked on, and participated in.

Oh, to recall the past as though it ne'er
Had been! but that's impossible—'tis done!

Enter VELLUM.

VELL. I've just been out giving some directions
To the bailiffs in possession. To sell,
I hope you now, sir, have made up your mind;
Time's wearing on, and I can't tarry long.

WILF. Well, sir, you've found me in an awkward fix,
To my sad grief I find I am so placed,
I've no alternative than sell my daughter—
But this, I ask, you'll never part with her,
And that to her you will be ever kind,
Grant a few days e'er I give up possession,
And she is yours at the thousand dollars,
(*Aside.*) And I'll betake me to some distant land.

VELL. Agreed. Then, sir, there's the ready rhino.

[*Exit* WILFRID.

I'm a lucky man, I am, by jingo,
She will be my doxy, and I her joe.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—WILFRID *walking in front of his House, under a Verandah, soliloquising.*

WILF. This, of all the pangs, the heart-rending
pangs,
A man's heart, or a father's, e'er endured,
Surpasses all I ever knew or felt.
'Tis more than I can do,—I never can,
Alas! alas! I never can reveal
The horrid truth, the circumstantial fact,
That she, my only daughter, is a slave.
I'm sure no such humiliating thought
Ever entered her upheaving bosom,
To ripple or disturb the peaceful stream
Of pleasure onward in her life's journey.
And worse than slave, a mere commodity
Of merchandise—opprobrious merchandise.
It wrings my very soul in its own casement
To think we live and breathe, inhale such laws;
And I've participated my life long,

And thought they were such good and wholesome laws!
And all for filthy, greedy, sordid gain,
The gold that perisheth, or taketh wing.
Upbraiding conscience has the keenest sting.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*Room in* WILFRID'S *House. Fine view of Garden from window, with delicious fruit.* WILFRID *and* MARY.

WILF. Come here, my child; I've something to reveal.
You've oft heard me say I loved your mother.
MARY. Oh, yes, father; I've oft heard you say so;
And rest assured, I never doubted it.
WILF. You also know, my Mary, I love you,
Both for your mother's, and for your own sake.
MARY. Yes, Father, I am well assured of that.
WILF. But you know that we were never married;

That in Georgia the laws recognise
No marriages as legal 'twixt the white
Race and the negro, or the quadroon race;
And that, remember, whether bond or free.
Now, your mother, good creature as she was,
Could, and did, boast noble blood swelling and coursing
Throughout her every vein; and it was true—
No less than true, she was of high descent.
But, let me add, your mother was a slave;
I loved her though she was my concubine
And slave; and left in you, my only child,
The darling image of herself. But now
All that is gone, and I'm to be bereft,
Bereft of all the solace of my heart.
Thou art, and since thy birth hast been, a slave:
The laws of this our Georgia hold it so.
But now, thou'rt sold, not willingly by me.
To save thee from a public sale, a sale
By auction, I have sold thee privately.

MARY. Father, Father, you mean not what you say.

I protest—protest you're mad ever once,
To say, far less to think, what you have said
Is true.

WILF. Alas! alas! my child, too true.

MARY. A slave! Then am I doomed, my life long doomed,
To chains—to drudgery—and slavery?
Oh! what a mighty cloud—an avalanch
Of grief, and sorrow, misery, and woe,
Bursts in upon my frenzied brain, if this
Be really true. Oh, no, he surely raves;
I've seen him looking ill this day or two.
There must be cause for this—some disorder
Of the body frame—or possibly the mind.
I'll make haste, send for his favourite surgeon,
And if timely ta'en he may recover.

(*Rings a bell for servants.*)

WILF. Ring not that bell, my Mary, ring it not;
I'm sound enough in body and in mind;
But this is what so wrings my very soul,
To think that you and I are to be severed,

Once and for ever to be widely severed.
Know, then, henceforth, that I'm a ruined planter,
And now I reap mine own iniquity.
I've sown the seeds and now I eat the fruit,
And bitter, bitter is the taste thereof.
I met misfortune, and I ne'er complained,
Misfortune followed thick upon misfortune,
And I never frowned, murmured, or complained,
Till now, I have to meet my creditors,
And yield up all, and Mary, thee with all.
You saw their lawyer here the other day,
He prevailed on me to sell thee privately,
To save thee from exposure publicly,
I asked indulgence but for seven days,
Ere that I should yield him up possession.
For a thousand dollars he hath purchased you.

(*She shrieks, faints, falls on the ground. Enter two female niggers, one to support* MARY *the other* WILFRID.)

1ST NIG. Missa, Missa! who hab kill my Missa?

2D NIG. Massa, Massa, what hab been de matta?

WILF. What is this I've done? laid her in the dust?

Oh, would to God that she had ne'er been born!

(*Curtain falls slowly.*)

END OF ACT I.

Act Second

Scene I.—Mary *soliloquising.*

Mary. How came I then to reproach my father?
How can I upbraid so good a father?
'Tis not within the pale of his dear will
To make it otherwise, I know that well.
In every sense he's proved himself a parent,
True and faithful to his only daughter.
Against the law, the vile and wicked law,
That prohibits every slave's tuition,
He conferred on me the best of education,
At the risk of imprisonment and fine;
He did this, and far more than this, for me.
How then would I presume to chide my father?
It is the base aggressive corrupt law,

The law denominated ' Fugitive,'
That prevents him from some decided step.
But will it prevent me? that's my next thought.
Seven days—what can be done in seven days?
This is no time for me remain inert,
Or yield me up to sad dispair, become
Morose and grieved, and weep in melancholy;
Nay 'tis the very time bestir myself,
Put my native, my in-born, a woman's
Ingenuity to work, and devise
Some plan t'evade or otherwise escape
The meshes of a Vellum for my master.
If I can read that villan's inward thoughts,
I am no woman, but degraded slave.
Bestir me then, each sinew in my frame,
Each bone, each muscle; ay, and every nerve
Bestir thee, and prepare to do your work.
But stay, as yet I have devised no plan—
How very weak is woman in her schemes!
What shall I do? And then I am betrothed
To Wilberforce. What will become of him

When I've devised some method of escape?
Can I forsake him too? Oh, what a thought!
I am perplexed—in sore perplexity.
My father knows not that we are betrothed;
This was my only charming little secret
That I e'er ventured to conceal from him.
What, then, if I appealed to Wilberforce—
Made him acquainted with my true position?
But, is not that a strange court of appeal?
Methinks he is no Justice of the Peace;
And yet methinks his jurisdiction, still
Higher, does preside in my peculiar case.
Strange wayward thoughts fleet thick across my brain;
I will, in desperation, go to him,
Crave his advice, or his intercession,
To save his own dear Mary from her shame.
I'll conjure up my greatest, worst alarms,
And plead my cause, nor fear to plead in vain.
His arm is strong, his heart is stronger still,
Though tender, soft and warm; and his judgment

I have ever found clear and decisive.
I'll to him speed and plead a woman's cause ;
How best, a slave, I may evade these laws.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—WILBERFORCE'S *House*—WILBERFORCE. *Enter* MARY.

MARY. Forgive me, Wilberforce, oh ! pray forgive,
If I bring tidings sad enough to both.
How little did we think when you and I
Took on ourselves our mutual pledge,
And plighted one another's hearts for aye,
That matters ever would assume the aspect
Now they bear. But now, I bring thee tidings
Of my father's and my sad misfortunes.
Sad misfortune—worldly misfortune,
Hath o'erta'en my father. He is bankrupt,
And hath surrendered up his property,

His all, and me, to meet his creditors.

WILB. And you? What mean you Mary? Are you mad,
Or mean to trifle with my heart's affections?
Oh, Mary! did I think it possible
You could be guilty thus to trifle with
A heart that loves, and knows no other love!

MARY. Oh, Wilberforce! dear, kind, good Wilberforce!
I have but ascertained I am a slave,
And that my father has disposed of me,
His only child, his lawful debts to pay,
So that by private barter I've been sold.

(*Mary falls on a couch.*)

WILB. Whatever's this I hear from one I love
With such unbounded love! Oh, Heaven! Just Heaven!
Come to mine aid—be thou my chief support.
What! bankrupt, and sold his only daughter!
Oh the brute—for what else can I call him?
I never took him for the man he is.

Ne'er will I own him for my lawful father.
Brute, monster, fiend, and inhuman devil,
Fit only to be cast into the flame
Of fire and brimstone. Oh! shame, eternal
Shame, ever rest upon the name of Wilfrid!

MARY. Hold, Wilberforce! call not my father devil,
Fiend, brute, or inhuman monster. You wrong
My beloved father.—'Tis not his fault.
'Tis by my mother's heritage I am
A slave, and his misfortune that I have
Been sold as part and parcel of his goods
And chattels—transferable property.
You little know the grief, the bitter anguish
Of my father's heart: he's pining to a
Shadow, and already grey with sorrow.
I came not, Wilberforce, to hear thee curse,
Reproach, and vilify my father; nor
Will I hear thee wrong so good a father.

WILB. Mary, you bewilder me, astound me.
A thunderbolt from the avenging heaven

Would not so much appal this mortal frame,
And leave me more perplexed what do or think.

MARY. I came to crave thy counsel and advice,
How I should act—what part I ought to play
In my dilemma and sad situation.
I am within the thraldom of the law,
And my father that of his creditors.
Hitherto I thought I'd thee to look to,
And none else. And oh, Wilberforce! dear, kind,
Good Wilberforce! thou art the only man
To whom I thought I could resort—on whom rely.
Centred in thee was all my future joy,
My future welfare; and my happiness
From day to day was centred all in thee.
Can'st thou not save me, Wilberforce,—rescue
Your own dear Mary from her shame; transport
Me from the land that gave me birth, to breathe
The invigorating air of liberty.
I cannot breathe in such a pestilence
As slavery—vile, wicked slavery.
To me 'tis like a dungeon or a pit,

A loathsome cavern, whose atmosphere
Breathes only lingering and degrading death.
Speak, Wilberforce, for mine ears are tingling,
With anxious thoughts, to hear what thou wilt say.
What shall I hear from one I love so dear?

(*She falls prostrate. Wilberforce wiping her eyes, and raising her tenderly.*)

WILB. Weep not, Mary; put thy repose in me.
Arise, I will save thee, my dear Mary—
Save thee from thy inevitable fate;
From thy impending doom I will save thee.

MARY. (*More to the audience.*) Oh, Wilberforce! all honour to thy name,
Thy fame, glory, and immortality!
For this thy boon to ransomed slavery!

WILB. How, then, shall I achieve what I have said?
How shall I perform what I have promised?
Some things are easier promised than performed:
That's a maxim in the best philosophy.
But this is no time to stand and moralise;

Time is on the wing, and it must be done.—
Go, Mary, and make haste—my words attend—
Get thee arrayed in man's attire, denude
Thee of thy flowing locks, though hard to bear;
Thou know'st how great the danger of escape,
How great the risk I run, as well as thee.
Bethink thee, then, of thy most secret plans,
While I, too, shall assume disguise, and quit,
For ever quit, this horrid land of blood.

MARY. Where, then, Wilberforce, do you propose to flee?

WILB. Why, to the city of Cincinnati,
In the far-off State of Ohio, where
Slaves are scarce, and slavery little known.

MARY. What! a distance of full six hundred miles,
And leave my father, too, so far behind!

WILB. Not so, Mary, let me bethink again;
Nay, nay, it will never do to leave him,
A wreck of misery, so far behind;
He, too, shall share our fate, let it be good

Or bad. I'll go, apprise him of our scheme,
Gain his approval, and ask his consent
To our after union, should we but succeed.

MARY. Oh, Wilberforce, thou art the best of men!
Grant Heaven's blessing may attend thy efforts.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Negro's hut—a miserable hovel. Men, women, and children (slaves), some jet-black, others pure white, with all the intermediate shades of complexion, some sitting on logs, others outstretched on the bare ground, &c., &c.*

Enter TANTO *singing and dancing.*

TANT. Chicki chick chick alari,
Chick chick chick chick chick chick chick,
Chicki chick chick alari,
Chick chick chick chick chick!

LAURA. You be berry happy nigger, Tanto.

TANT. And what for no dis nigger not be gay?
De wedder's fine, and dis nigger's spirit
Light as de fedder carried by de win'!

LAURA. Den, Tanto, me am not so gay ob heart;
De berry bad news dat me hear to-day
Make me so berry hebby at de heart.

TANT. Tob, nonsense; you am al'ays looking out
For de mischief what 'em call misfortune,
Den off you go a journey meet half way—
Dis nigger quiet wait de ebbil day,
Dat am what de Methodis pa'son say.

LAURA. Dat day be not far off, ib all be true
Dat me hab heard dis berry blessed day.

TANT. Den tell dis nigger what am dat you mean;
You speak em parable me no comp'ehen'.

POZA. Oh, you 'tupid nigger. Hab you not heard
Dat all de niggers on dis plantation
Am soon to be sold, and dat Miss Wilfrid
Am eider sold, or to be sold wid us,
For somebody hab found out she am a slave.

TANT. (*Laughing.*) Yah, yah, yah, dat be one berry good joke.

But sin' you tink poke fun at dis nigger,
Me hab a mind to gib you my last pun.

SANC. Dats right, Tanto, gib us one ob your puns,
Or, what am better, your best conundrum.

TANT. Where am de candle when Moses am out?
Ib you can guess me dat guess, dis nigger
Nebber gib anodder guess all him life.

NERO. Where am de candle when Moses am out?

TANT. Yes, you bull-head, can't you guess me dat guess?

TIMB. In 'im pocket?

TANT. No.

SANC. In 'im socket?

TANT. No.

POZA. I gibs it up.

TIMB. I'm out.

SANC. I gibs it up.

TANT. It am in de da'k.

TIMB. It am in de da'k!
Dis blessed nigger hab not see de point.

POZA. Oh, you 'tupid. Ib heard dat guess befoa—
Where am Moses when de candle am out?

(*All laughing at* TANTO, *yah, yah, yah, yah, yah, yah, yah, yah, yah.*)

TANT. Yes, yes, dat war what I mean.—Berry well,
All cats are said to be grey in de da'k,
Den all de white ladies must be da'kies
When de candle am put out. See de point? (*with a knowing look.*)

(*All laughing, yah, yah, yah.*)

1ST NIG. Berry good joke.

2D NIG. Capitukle.

3D NIG. Fust-rate.

TIMB. Now, Tanto, gib us a song apter dat,
One ob your own—you am a fust-rate poet,
I'll play de bones, and here's your ol' banjo.

(*Song by Tanto.*)

YUCKAN DANAH.

1.

De gal I lub be tall an' han'some,
Tall an' han'some,
Wid de spa'kling jet-black eye.
And when she smile, she smile so winsome,
Smile so winsome,
I abmire her modesty.—(*bones.*)
When she and me go walking, courting,
Walking, courting,
Me take her round de waist jist so,
Smack her lips so sweet and pouting,
Sweet and pouting,
Den me strike up de old banjo—
Oh! my lubly Yuckan Danah,
Yuckan Danah, Yuckan Danah
Oh! my lubly Yuckan Danah.

2.

One day we walked by de Alatamaha,
Alatamaha,

" What ab you tinking, lub," said she,
" Jist dat you war my lub for eber,
Lub for eber,
An' back aden to Tennessee."—(*bones.*)
" La ! dat war jist what I war tinking,
I war tinking,"
So modestly she did reply,—
" Den, ib you hab no great objection,
Great objection,
Our hearts we'll join in unity."
Oh ! my lubly Yuckan Danah, &c.

3.

" Wid all my heart, I am agreed lub,
Am agreed lub,
But fust our freedom we must buy."
So now an' den I go a strolling,
Go a strolling,
An' sing dis song to raise money.—(*bones.*)
Den when we hab got plenty dollars,
Plenty dollars,

We'll get married right joyously,
An' lib so happy all our life-long,
All our life-long—
What tink you ob my minstrelsy?
Oh! my lubly Yuckan Danah, &c.

4.

Ethiopian serenaders,
Serenaders,
Ab not such fools as you suppose,
For dey hab hearts to feel what lub is,
Feel what lub is,
As well as eyes, an' mouth, an' nose.—(*bones.*)
So all you white men who tink diff'rent,
Who tink diff'rent,
Put dat in your long pipe and smoke,
Dis nigger tell you berry plainly,
Berry plainly—
Dat Slabery is past a joke.
Oh! my lubly Yuckan Danah,
Yuckan Danah, Yuckan Danah,
Oh! my lubly Yuckan Danah."

DODO. Murrigingo, murrigingo, ebery
one cry.

SEVERAL. Murrigingo, murrigingo.

SANCO. You am a born real live living poet,
Me go tell de rest what dussent know it.

[*Exit.*

POZA. Him's a berry clibber man at is 'im.

TIMB. Tip us anodder, Tanto, ob de same.

TANT. Tub, dob, what for bodder dis nigger so;
Der Dodo, Nero, and Jaco, dey sing
As well and betta' dan dis nigger Tanto.

TIMB. Come den, Jaco, Tanto say dat you sing,
Gib us one verse or two on Massa Swanston.

(JACO *sings and dances.*)

Claudi kitchen, young folk, auld folk,
Claudi kitchen, young folk, auld folk,
Claudi kitchen, young folk, auld folk,
Kiking up a debil ob a tyro.
Kiking up a debil ob a tyro.

When Massa Swanston he do come,

Wid him big fist beat him drum,
Dis nigger jump you see jist so,
Dat's de way to ease him blow.
Claudi kitchen, young folk, auld folk, &c.

When at de meeting Methodis,
Him pull long face jist like dis,
Dis nigger like to ha, ha, ha,
Join de chorus, yah, yah, yah.
Claudi kitchen, young folk, auld folk, &c.

(SWANSTON'S *voice from without.*)

SWAN. Hallo, there! Turn out all you damned niggers,
Time's up—you're all two minutes past your time.

[*Exeunt in confusion.*

SCENE IV.—*Room in* WILFRID'S *House*—WILFRID—*Enter* WILBERFORCE.

WILB. Good morrow, Wilfrid, be not much surprised

When I acquaint thee that I've heard tidings
Of a peculiar and affecting kind—
To me especially, but to us both—
Our interests are so very near akin.

WILF. I cannot comprehend thee, sir. Thy meaning?

WILB. Well, sir, to be plain, I and thy daughter
Plighted one another's love—and now I come
To ask will ye consent?

WILF. My daughter, sir,
Is gone from home, and I should see her first;
She's on a lady visit, as she said,
And I don't expect her soon. What is more,
I wish I'd known of this ere now. I would
Not willingly deceive thee sir. Know, then,
I have no portion to bestow my daughter.

WILB. Of that I care not, Wilfrid. I've enough
Of dow'ry in your daughter's heart. She's mine.

WILF. Stay, sir, that is not all. I'd have thee learn
That I no longer am a wealthy planter,

But a ruined man—yea! a ruined man,
In more ways than one. Thou canst do better
Than connect thyself with Mary Wilfrid.
We've fallen from our high estate; and now
We must submit to our mean condition.

WILB. 'Twas not for wealth I sued your only daughter;
That need be no obstruction to our union.
I urge thee, Wilfrid, grant then thy consent.

WILF. That cannot be sir. That cannot ever be,
I need not hesitate to tell thee sir,
The matter will get wind in spite of me;
Therefore, I assure you that my daughter
Is not marriageable to a white man.
She is a slave, and I reluctantly
Have had to sell her to a Mr Vellum.

WILB. What! to that monster of iniquity!
Oh, Heavens! thanks be to goodness I've been raised
By Providence to save her utter ruin!
That is the vilest wretch that crawls upon

God's earth, a wicked wilful deceiver,
A debauchee and a vile seducer.

WILF. What! say you so? Oh, then he's purchased her
For his base purposes. Could I rescind,
Would I not be justified if I should
Abrogate that wicked servile contract?
Oh! Wilberforce, I fear she is undone,
I have accepted of the thousand dollars—
A ruined father and a ruined daughter!

(*Weeping.*)

WILB. Cheer up, old man—I have a deep laid plan;
I knew all—the worst, ere I came hither,
And that too from your own dear Mary's lips.
Now I have found thee honest and upright,
Neither duplicity nor servility
Hath marked thy conduct—so give ear—attend.
Your daughter Mary, and my future wife,
Hath planned with me a speedy method of escape
Beyond the latitude of slavery,

That once achieved, we then are man and wife.
Now, sir, I wait but thy consenting word,
Thy approving glance—thy approving smile.

WILF. With all my heart—there is my honest hand,
I hope to see you in that distant land. (*Going.*)

WILB. Stay father—for so I now address thee ;
It is my suggestion you should join us ;
Two is always a suspicious number,
And I have been deputed in this mission.

WILF. Stay till she return. I must consult her.

WILB. At my instructions she will ne'er return.

WILF. Where is she then, dost thou know, Wilberforce ?

WILB. She's at my residence, getting arrayed
In man's attire—by that means we escape—
She as a groom—you my overseer.

WILF. Well, well, well, this fairly takes my fancy,
I will accompany you and my daughter.

WILB. This very evening, then, at dusk we start,

And see that you be properly equipped.

WILF. And is it possible we could take Kimbo ?

WILB. Nay, Father, that might conduct to mischief,

But I'll leave instructions with my brother
To purchase him, no matter at what price,
And he will send him on to us hereafter.

WILF. A truce then, sir, I will be at my post,
We then will see who has just cause to boast,—
Who personates their character the most.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—AUCTIONEER *with Palmetto hat on, and rattan in hand—concourse of attendants (purchasers)—Slaves, young and old, some of them chained in pairs, &c., &c., &c.—Auction bell rings.*

AUCT. These, gemm'en, are the articles of sale,
And the terms, you see, are very lib'ral ;

Cash down on the nail, on fall of hammer :
The usual terms, in short, that are observed
In all estates when in insolvency.
So now, you see, they must and shall be sold.
Well. then, gemm'en, here's the first—a spicy
Lot o' niggers, as I have ever sold.
Come go in then, gemm'en, and make a bid ;
Look alive, and start them at your own price.

1ST PUR. I'll give two hundred dollars for the lot.

AUCT. By-the-ever-living-jumping-Moses !
Did any of you ever hear the like ?
Two hundred dollars is the highest bid ;
What say you, gentlemen, all done--going--
Going at two hundred dollars—going—gone !
You've got a bargain Mr John Nathan.
Well, gemm'en, the next lot is a prime gal :
She is A 1, as our Sam Slick would say.

2D PUR. Is that the gal that did absquatulate,
And got a jolly good anointing for't ?

AUCT. You're a nice babe ; we want no rowdies here.

This is a fair and open sale without
Your stultifying tongue and ugly speech ;
It's not your lip—your tin is what we want.

3D PUR. Shut-up your bully-ragging and proceed.

I'll give ninety dollars for that nigger—
Gol-darn me if I hereafter rue it.

AUCT. I'm brown to you, my boy, you are a pal
Of that 'ere bosh-man, that has spoken last.
Dont think ye'll buy this chicken cheap as dirt ;
Nantee palaver all ye low knock-outs.

4TH PUR. I'll give a hundred dollars.

AUCT. Thank you, sir.
Going, gemm'en, at one hundred dollars,

5TH PUR. A hundred and twenty dollars.

6TH PUR. And fifty.

AUCT. One hundred and fifty dollars—all done ?
Going—a mighty sacrifice—she's gone!
You lost that bargain, Mr Washington.
Next lot, gemm'en, is the last one's mother.
John Nathan, I'd advise you buy this lot,

They'll work together well, you may be sure,
Mother and child.

(*The old nigger looks stupid with anxiety for the party who bought her daughter to purchase her also.*)

Mount the block, you nigger, (*giving her a slap with the rattan, and she springs up.*)

OLD NIG. Massa, buy me too—me work berry hard (*crying and much affected.*)

YOUNG NIG. Lor' ha' marcy, massa, buy my mudder,
Night and day we'll work to be togedder (*crying and affected.*)

AUCT. Fine glossy skin—no bad looking nigger,
Young enough to breed from. (*slave whimpers.*)
Hold your blubber.
(*striking her smartly, at which she springs off the block—remounts—looking wistfully.*)
Young enough to breed from, gemm'en. Start her.

1ST PUR. I'll give fifty dollars.

2D PUR. Sixty dollars.

AUCT. Thank you.

1ST PUR. Seventy dollars.

2D PUR. Eighty dollars.

1ST PUR. A hundred dollars.

AUCT. A hundred dollars.

All done gemm'en at a hundred dollars ?
She's cheap as horse-flesh at a hundred dollars.
She might have five or six kids yet, I'll warrant.
Going at a hundred dollars—all done ?
Once, twice, thrice, gone at a hundred dollars.
You lost that lot, John Nathan, for your pains ;
I thought you were a go-a-head fellow,
Now I find you're but a skulking hugger.

(*The two niggers, whining and whimpering, are removed.*)

Now gemm'en here is a mixed lot of ten,
He ones and she ones. young and old to suit
Convenience of purchasers. There is
Great variety—a well assorted lot
And first-rate niggers, as you all may judge.

(Purchasers examining if lame and otherwise sound in health.)

Oh yes, quite right, put them through their facings;
There is no buying pigs in pocks in our land,
A custom that's confined to Caledonia;
They're real live niggers, and right lively too.

(Whipping them about, and they jumping up and down.)

There you see blood, bone, and muscle—beauty,
Youth, symmetry, and all that you could wish,
Favour me, then, gentlemen with your bid.
It's well known Mr Wilfrid never kept
A lazy, saucy, or a useless nigger;
I'm told he had too stern an overseer
To put up with that—albeit there they are,
Inspect them—judge for yourselves, and start them,
Start them—shall I say a thousand dollars?
That's but a small sum for ten such niggers.

1ST PUR. A thousand dollars.

AUCT. A thousand dollars,
Thank you, Monsieur, for one thousand dollars,
One thousand ——

2D PUR. Eleven hundred dollars.

AUCT. Thank you sir, eleven hundred dollars ;
Its against you, Monsieur. Take my advice,
Don't loose them—there's a princely fortune here,
They'll multiply themselves ten fold ere long,
Thank you !—twelve hundred dollars—twelve
hundred—
Thirteen hundred dollars. I've heard it said
That " opposition gives opinion strength : "
Nothing like a little competition.
Thirteen hundred—fourteen hundred dollars—
Fourteen hundred dollars—going ! going !—
Fifteen hundred dollars—all done ? —sixteen
Hundred dollars—all done ? the last call ! gone !
They are yours—a cheap lot Monsieur França.
That is the last lot to be sold to day.
The cows and horses, farm implements,
And sundry articles "too numerous

To mention," will be sold some future day,
Of which due notice will be given you
In the far-famed Kentucky Advertiser.
The fine estate of Pascoevale is sold
By private bargain, and herewith withdrawn ;
And as to Mary Wilfrid, I suppose
The most of you're aware she too was sold
Clandestinely—I should say privately.
But if all tales are true that I have heard.
She has cut her luckey, and gone northward.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Courtyard outside of* VELLUM'S *House.*

Enter VELLUM *with law papers, followed by two Detective Officers equipped with belted pistols, rifles, &c.*

VELL. I must redeem my thousand dollars worth,
The poco-moonshine of a worthless mink ;
Here, then, is the Sheriff's warrant to seize

And apprehend the vile, the little minx,
Together with her aiders and abettors,
And drag them forth to justice. Now, Sanco,
You and Wappa

(*Enter from a stable door two niggers, with each a chain in hand attached to two dogs in leash.*)

Go with this Officer,
And over hill and dale, through marshy swamp,
Or densely timbered forest, you pursue
And track the fugitives. Dead or alive
Bring them hither, and claim a good reward.

(*Enter Dido, another nigger, with two dogs leashed as before.*)

And Dido, you and this other Officer
Pursue an opposite direction. Let
Slip the dogs of blood—off—bound—and away,
Ere long to return and receive your pay.

(*The dogs are let loose, and trained to run off the stage.*)

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Prairies of America. Enter* WILBERFORCE, WILFRID, *and* MARY.

WILB. O'er hill and dale, and through open prairies,
Through pine and cypress, and through forest glade,
We've made our way, and steadfast our escape
Thus far. Yet still the danger is not o'er,
We've not evaded their keen vigilence.
I feared, one time, that in yon hickory
And mulberry thicket, that we were gone;
Something tells me they were not far behind.
Methought I heard the yelp of dogs, the howl
Of savage men in hot pursuit; but, thanks,
We've got thus far, and in a safe retreat.

WILF. I'm weary and bedone. I thought I would
Have stuck me fast within yon river swamp;
And o'er and o'er again within the scrub

And dogwood of yon forest wild, methought
I'd ne'er be extricate again. Mary,
How feel you? Are you sore fatigued and worn?

MARY. Not I indeed, Father; think not of me;
I feel as if I'd run the very soles,
Yea, e'en the very flesh, from off my feet:
I know no weariness in this enchase.
But tell me, Wilberforce, d'ye think we're safe,
E'en for a moment, to abide delay
In this sequestered spot, e'en though recluse?

(*Agitated.*)

WILB. Mary, why tremble thus? be not afraid,
Have courage my dear girl, and I'll protect.
Should the worst come to the worst, these weapons
Will protect thee. We've passed through Alabama,
And through Tenessee. Once passed the confines
Of the city Frankfort, in Kentucky,
And we bid adieu to all our dangers
And alarms. There the Abolitionists
Will give us succour and protection sure.

MARY. Then let us speed our way, I feel not safe,
My apprehension is foreboding.

WILB. Well, I go foremost and enquire the way,
Methinks we're safest to enquire for Richmond.
Appear conversing you and your father,
I in cogitation. And remember
The character you've now assumed—servants
Both to me. Observe my look. Whatsoe'er
My order—appear to serve submissive,
Both in my least as well as great commands,
By that means we'll pass ourselves for new hands.

[*Exit.*

MARY. Thou little knowest how anxious I'm to serve,—
What woman would not estimate so good
A benefactor of herself and father ?
To find thy equal I might search the world,
A noble mind is best seen when unfurled.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. — *Hotel in Cincinnati* — JEREMY DOODLE, WILFRID, WILBERFORCE *and* MARY.

WILF. We now may jest. I've been her over-
seer,
I've seen her look, but never caught her leer,
I hope you'll always find her as you see her.
DOOD. You've been to chapel, as I understand,
And ta'en that lady by the wedded hand.
I could have wished your troubles all were o'er,
But I'm afraid you've yet to meet some more;
Detective officers are yet on your scent,
And on your seizure they are keenly bent.
Blessed beyond compare, above all other state,
No slavery exists within *this state!*
To me it seems your danger yet is great,
And as an Abolitionist I'd state
You still are liable to be arrested,
And then you, sir, would be quite fallen crested.

This district promises you no protection
Against all troubles that you choose to mention ;
For if they found you, they could her arrest,
And tear her, ay, e'en from your wedded breast.
But that's not likely, when the truth you know,—
While being wedded a short time ago,
A detective called inquiring for you,
(*Wilberforce tries to interrupt.*)
But stay, sir ; what was my answer, think you ?
I said that you were gone—that you were gone ;
To which I had a double meaning. Gone
May mean clean gone—right gone—or taken on ;
And so you see they were mistaken on.
So if you'd take my very best advice,
You'd bundle up your traps, and in a trice
Get on the lakes and make for Canada,
Or you'd better be in Trinadada.

WILB. Ha ! say you so ? then we had best be gone,
We thought with thee to spend the honeymoon,
But, as it seems, that moon shines not so bright

And clear as in a land of liberty.
If I were in your Temples, laws to frame,
I'd agitate, or abrogate, secede,
Or have them changed. No good will ever come
Upon a state of pestilence like thine.

DOOD. Why, sir, that's just what we are doing,
While you, sir, are billing and cooing.

(*To the audience.*)

We hope ere long, this Great Seceding
Will mend our manners and our breeding;
And be looked up to, not looked down on,
By any land that wears a crown on.
So, if you please, do give us some applause,
We've done our best to reform these laws.

[*Curtain falls.*

Epilogue.

Enter MARY, WILBERFORCE, *and* WILFRID.

MARY. To-night we bid adieu, we're for the lakes,
We trust the good folk " o' the Land o' Cakes"
Will sympathise in what we have come through,
And courteous, smile upon our object too.

WILF. We most sincerely wish that we had done
Our parts much better, and have justly won
Your smiling approbation and applause,
On these, our feeble efforts in this cause.
Should we ere meet again, we hope 'twill be,
To aid the cause of poor humanity.

WILB. Freedom's a gem of lustre and renown,
It sparkles brightest in Victoria's crown ;
Whoe'er enjoys the halo of that gem,
Enjoys existence that's denied to them

Whose cause we advocate upon these boards ;
Although we're neither senators nor lords,
We still can advocate their cause aloud.
We're Legislators to your nightly crowd !
Great credit is our manager's just meed,
To produce this play gave him pride indeed,
His great ambition caterer for you,
Please to award him, then, the caterer's due.

(*Enter* MANAGER *with a book in hand, copy of "Wilfrid and Mary."*)

MANAGER. Stay, for the author I've a word to say,
He calls his comedy a simple play ;
If it be simple ; what then call ye hard ?
Agree with me and take him at his word.
Send forth your plaudits to our simple bard.

FINIS.

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